

SEE THE NEXT "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" FOR REMARKABLE WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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One Halfpenny.

HAVOC WROUGHT BY BIG GUNS: WHAT AN AIR SCOUT SAW  
FROM HIS MACHINE IN POLAND.



"Don't talk to me any more of the glories of war; it's just a hell," said a young officer who had just been under heavy shell fire. Modern artillery creates a veritable havoc, as can be judged from this very remarkable photograph, which was taken from an

acroplane in Poland. The thick line running across the ground is a Russian trench, and the black patches are caused by the shells of the enemy, who bombarded the position without cessation.

THE DEFENCE OF BELGRADE: SERBIAN CROWN PRINCE CHATS WITH THE SOLDIERS.



The Crown Prince chatting with the soldiers.

at from a possible at-  
brief period, but since  
ally-bombarding the

city and killing a few women and children after the manner of their Prussian Allies. The Crown Prince Alexander is Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army, which has fought so gallantly.



## WANTED TO TALK ABOUT WAR BABIES.

Women's Comic Anger at Failure to Get Into Conference.

### "I KNOW LADY —"

Disappointed, indignant and inclined to be talkative.

These plain words aptly describe the frame of mind and temper of a crowd of women who came to Hanover-square yesterday afternoon under the impression that, for one reason or another, they had a right to be present at the "War Babies" meeting of the Women's Imperial Health Association.

The meeting was held at the offices of the association in Hanover-square, and there were present representatives of all the important societies devoted to the welfare of girls and women.

The problem of unmarried mothers has become one of the most difficult created by the war, and the conference had been summoned in order, if possible, to decide upon some united action in the direction of caring for the children and their mothers.

A number of women representing the Press were refused admission, and every few minutes big motor-cars drove up with feminine occu-



Mrs. Bennet Bursleigh, widow of the famous war correspondent, talking to her son outside the Law Courts yesterday. She is defendant in a claim for £150.

pants, who were also refused admission and went away indignant.

In fact, there was a second "war babies" meeting in the street of angry women, among whom were well-known novelists, suffragette leaders, representatives of various women's societies, and a number of women who had obviously come in hopes of amusement.

To one another the rejected women explained why they ought to have been allowed to go in. "I know Lady — personally," said one. "I belong to a committee who have done a lot for the soldiers' clubs," considered her. There was an amusing incident when one of the tenants of an office under the room in which the meeting was being held arrived and objected to the overflow war baby meeting on the doorstep and pavement.

### MOTHER'S LOVE FOR CHILD.

"I think there should be another war baby meeting," was the general verdict expressed at the pavement and doorstep meeting, "where there is room for us all who can really help." The following resolution, proposed by Miss Llewellyn Davies, was passed by the conference — the one held inside the office —

"That a committee fully representative of all voluntary societies and associations, more particularly those interested in the welfare of women and infants, be appointed to consider how best to investigate and deal with the various problems in connection with illegitimate child birth arising out of the present war crisis."

The meeting was of opinion that any help which was given should be in co-operation with the Public Health Authority, and that on any local committee women should be represented. It was in the highest interests of the State that the bond of mutual affection and responsibility between mother and child should be preserved.

### CHEAPER COAL.

Mr. Runciman had a conference yesterday with a deputation representing the coal owners of Great Britain on the subject of the supply and prices of coal. Subsequently the coal owners passed the following resolution:—

"This meeting of coal owners, having a desire to moderate the prices of coal for home consumption as far as may be practicable in the interest of the country, recommend that the question of prices of such coal be considered by the coal owners in the various districts with this object in view."

## THE IDOL OF FRANCE.

How "Tommy" Has Won Our Allies' Hearts Told in "Sunday Pictorial."

### WHAT CENSOR SHOULD TELL.

Since Tommy Atkins, to the music of "Tipperary," marched through Boulogne and other towns "somewhere in France" he has become the idol of the French people.

But what do the French officers think of him? A "mere drop of khaki colour in a sea of red and blue," he has yet had an enormous influence for good upon our gallant Allies. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of a French officer of distinction.

A delightful pen portrait of "Tommy" in this inspiring role has been drawn by Mr. John N. Raphael, the famous foreign correspondent.

Mr. Raphael in the coming number of the *Sunday Pictorial* will show how in many characteristic ways the British soldier has won the hearts of the French people.

There are several other splendid articles by well-known men in the next number of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

Mr. Bottomley, who is now one of the most popular writers in the country, has some striking things to say on "The Vindication of the Worker."

Everyone, too, will be interested in Mr. Austin Harrison's suggestive essay on "The Trials of the Conser."

Over and above these great attractions there will be many wonderful war pictures, one at least of which is certain to cause a sensation.

As there will be a huge demand for next Sunday's paper the public are advised to order it to-day.

## MYSTERY OF A HAT.

Porter's Story of Woman and Child at Inquest on Maggie Nally—Verdict of Murder.

A verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown was returned by the coroner's jury yesterday at the inquest on little Maggie Nally, who was found murdered in the ladies' room at Aldersgate-street Station on the night of Easter Sunday.

Edward Spencer, porter, in the employ of the Metropolitan Railway at Aldersgate-street, said that on Easter Sunday night, between seven and eight o'clock, he saw a woman and a child in the booking office.

The woman was dressed in dark clothes, and was about 3ft. 6in. in height. The child appeared to be between five and six years of age. The Coroner: Was the child you saw at the station anything like the body you saw at the mortuary?—I could not say.

Frederick George Cook said he saw a woman and child go into the ladies' room on Easter Sunday about 7 p.m. He did not see them distinctly, nor did he see them leave.

Detective Inspector Thompson said that six persons had identified the body as that of a child they had seen in company with a man or a woman in different parts of London between 7.30 and 10 p.m. on Sunday, April 18. He was sorry to say that, despite every inquiry, they had no clue. The child's hat had not yet been found.

## RAN AWAY FROM HOME AND WON V.C.

A boy, who ran away from home, joined the Army and won the V.C., was one of the heroes decorated yesterday by the King at Buckingham Palace.

He is Private James Smith, 3rd Battalion, Border Regiment. This was his deed of "conspicuous bravery" for which the King yesterday pinned the V.C. on his breast.

On December 21, at Rouges Bances, he left his trench with Private A. Acton and rescued a wounded man who had been lying exposed against the enemy's trenches for seventy-five hours. Both again went out, under heavy fire, to bring into cover another wounded man. They were under fire for sixty minutes while conveying the wounded man into safety. Private Acton was also granted the Victoria Cross.

Smith's real name is Glinn. He enlisted at seventeen under his mother's maiden name, saying that his parents would not allow him to become a soldier.

## WEAR THE ROSE TO-DAY.

Wear the rose to-day—the festival of St. George, the patron saint of England.

How can the Englishman, unable to join his brothers in the front, better show his appreciation of the spirit of the day than by wearing the rose—the symbolical flower of St. George?

Roses will be quite plentiful, and comparatively cheap, in London to-day, a Covent Garden florist told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. One will be able to purchase fine blooms for 4d. or 6d. each, while smaller roses may be obtained for 2d.

Will you give a pound of tea, coffee, butter, potted meat, sugar, cake, or similar provisions to help the work of the soldiers' and sailors' buffet at Victoria Station, which is providing free refreshment for 1,000 soldiers and sailors every day? If so, send your gift next week to The Commandant, Soldiers' and Sailors' Free Buffet, Victoria Station, S.W.

## MYSTERY OF TWO WOMEN

Strange Story of Girl Who Was Sent to Prison Though Innocent.

### ALIKE IN APPEARANCE.

A remarkable case of mistaken identity is now being investigated.

Two girls, one of whom was born at Ross, a Herefordshire village, entered domestic service. Though unrelated, they are somewhat alike in appearance, and both were at one time in service in different houses in Ramsgate.

In August, 1913, one of the women was charged before the Brentford magistrates with having deserted her two children born out of wedlock.

It was stated that the children were left with a Mrs. Ker. Later they passed into the care of the Brentford Guardians, who kept them at a cost of £400.

A warrant for the arrest of Mabel Powell was issued in 1912.

The prosecution alleged that Mabel Powell had married and become a Mrs. Morse, who was living near Ross.

Before the Brentford Justices Mrs. Ker identified her as the woman who had left the children with her. She was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Despite two appeals to the Home Office, she served her sentence.

Mrs. Morse, the husband, lived until 1908 in the Witney (Oxford) Union, and by his marriage made himself responsible for the children.

His obituary did not come before the public again until Saturday last, when an appeal was made at the Middlesex Sessions by the Witney Union against an order of the Brentford justices fixing the settlement of two children of a single woman, Mabel Powell, alleged to have afterwards become Mrs. Morse, of Ross, Herefordshire.

Mr. S. Hodges, settlement officer to the Lambeth Guardians, who was at the hearing at Middlesex Sessions, said last night that the woman who was really the mother of the children was in the Lambeth Workhouse, and had admitted that the children were hers. At the beginning of last year, he said, Mabel Powell was in the Marylebone Workhouse in the name of Bolton.

## MAN-WOMAN WORKS IN SHIPYARD.

A widowed woman disguised as a man has been found working in the Barrow Shipyards. She had her hair cut short, and wore a moustache, and clad in men's clothes with overalls, she obtained work as a labourer in the time yard.

She has worked three days, and her excuse is that she wanted to earn money to assist her relatives. In order to carry out her plan she took lodgings at a lodging-house, where her identity was not discovered. She has been a splendid worker, and after the usual day's work volunteered for overtime. Work will probably be found for her in the shell-making department.

## GAMING RAID IN MAYFAIR.

As a result of a police raid on a large house in Mayfair ten persons were charged at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday.

Three of them—James Gibson, forty, of Clifford-street, St. John's, forty, of Fulham-road, (croupier), and Charles Storch, Italian waiter, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, were charged with conducting and managing a flat in Clifford-street, Bond-street, as a gaming house.

The seven other persons, including Herbert Randall, the well-known jockey, were charged with frequenting the place.

Mr. Muskett informed the magistrate (Mr. Mead) that the defendants were arrested at a quarter to two that morning at a flat in the occupation of James Gibson.

Upon entering the superintendent and other officers found chemin de fer in full progress. All the cases were remanded until next Tuesday.

Gibson was bailed in his own surety of £300 and two others of £150 each.

Stewart was allowed bail in the sum of £50 and his recognisances in the sum of £50; Storch in the sum of £10. The other defendants were ordered to enter into their own recognisances in the sum of £10 to reappear.

## NO BOATS TO OR FROM HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM, April 22.—The following official British statement is issued:—

"All shipping and passenger traffic between Holland and the United Kingdom is stopped for the time being."

"No ships will leave the United Kingdom for Holland after to-day."

"Ships from Holland will not be admitted to the United Kingdom after to-day."

It is hoped shortly to resume a limited passenger traffic.

"Special arrangements are being made for transport of the mail."—Reuters.

## "SUFFERED MOST CRUEL SHOCK."

Letters That Were Written to Alice Burnham's Father and Mother.

### "WE LOVE EACH OTHER."

Some of Smith's letters to his father-in-law were read during the hearing of the "dead brides case" at Bow-street yesterday.

George Smith is charged with the murder of Beatrice Constance Annie Mundy, who died at Horse Bay, on July 13, 1913.

Alice Burnham, who died at Blackpool, on December 12, 1913.

Margaret, Elizabeth Lofly, who died at Highgate, on December 18, 1914.

The Court was again engaged in the case of Alice Burnham, and Mr. Charles Burnham, the dead woman's father, in evidence, spoke of receiving, in November, 1913, a postcard from the prisoner, which ran:—

Sir,—In answer to your application regarding my parentage, etc., my mother was a 'bus horse, my father a cab-driver, my sister was a rough rider over the Arctic regions, my brothers were all gallant sailors on a steam roller. This is the only information I can give to those who are not entitled to ask such questions.

The hearing of the case was adjourned.

### "WANTED A CHEAP COFFIN."

Sarah Haynes, wife of William Haynes, of 13, Regent-road, Blackpool, said that on Friday, December 12, she was called by Mrs. Crossley (the landlady at the house where Mr. and Mrs. Smith stayed) into the house. The body of Mrs. Smith was moved into a little room near the first sitting-room.

Counsel: Did you notice anything on her fingers? Had she any rings?—No, she had not. Witness assisted in preparing the body for burial. She went into the bathroom on Sunday morning.

Did you notice anything about the bath when you cleaned it on Sunday morning?—Yes. There was a quantity of hair all round the broad end of the bath and the sloping end.

The undertaker, John Hargreaves, of Millbourne-street, Blackpool, said Smith, in discus-

## WHAT 'IN THE TRENCHES' MEANS.

One of the most wonderful war photographs ever taken—a photograph of a shell-torn Russian trench, as seen from an aeroplane—appears on page 1 of to-day's issue.

This amazing snapshot brings home for the first time the meaning of the phrase "in the trenches," and shows, with grim detail the appalling effects of modern shell fire on our gallant Allies' lines.

ing the funeral, told him he wanted a cheap coffin, "as cheap as we could make."

Mr. Charles Burnham, father of Alice Burnham, said in October, 1913, he received a letter from his daughter, and he also received a letter from someone named Smith.

In consequence of that letter an invitation was given to the prisoner to visit witness.

In response he received a letter signed "G. J. Smith," in which the writer said he was looking forward to seeing Mrs. Burnham and himself, adding, "We love each other. I could be happy anywhere if only Alice is with me."

A letter, dated November 11, 1913, from Smith was read by counsel, as follows:—

"The views and actions you have been willing to take towards our marriage are both inconsistent and contemptible. You absolutely appear to be quite out of touch with the conditions and principles by which everyday life is conducted."

"It is mentioned in the letter Alice received that as I have an income the £100 and interest can stand over. A more foolish and illegal action I never heard. The money is payable on demand, failing which I shall take up the matter."

Witness did not answer that letter and consulted his solicitor.

### "POOR ALICE."

Ultimately on the advice of witness, his solicitor sent prisoner £104 18s. 2d.

The witness told how he had received from prisoner a telegram saying that his daughter had died. On the Sunday a letter came addressed to Mrs. Burnham, dated December 13, from Regent's-road, Blackpool.

Counsel read the letter, which contained the following:—

"My Dear Mother-in-law,—After we arrived here Alice complained of pains in the head, and went to a doctor, who examined her and gave her treatment."

"I found she had made arrangements with the landlady for a bath. About twenty minutes after she had gone to the bathroom I called out to her, but got no answer. . . . Getting no answer, I entered the bathroom. . . . I found her lying on her head and shoulders under the water."

"The doctor who had previously attended her was sent for and he came at once. . . . He examined her and said she was dead."

"This" the letter.



# BERLIN CLAIMS SINKING OF BRITISH SUBMARINE OFF HELIGOLAND

## German Admiralty's Report of Hostile Craft Seen in The Bight.

## 20,000 MEN LANDED NEAR DARDANELLES.

## Reported Daily Arrival of Transports with British and French Troops.

## ENEMY FAILS TO DISLodge VICTORS OF HILL 60.

Berlin issued a remarkable claim yesterday. It is stated by the German Admiralty that British submarines have recently been seen repeatedly in the Heligoland Bight.

German warships attacked the submarines, one of which, says Berlin, was sunk. The statement adds, hopefully, that it is "probable that other submarines have been sunk."

Another interesting report regarding the Dardanelles came from Berlin yesterday. The wireless press quotes the "Tages-Zeitung" for the statement that 20,000 English and French troops have landed near Enos.

A heavy cannonade, it is also stated, took place between the Turkish batteries and the Allies' ships.

Athens, it is stated, reports that great activity is noted among the British at Lemnos. Troops and transports are arriving daily from Alexandria.

## BRITISH SUBMARINES IN HELIGOLAND BIGHT?

## Berlin Claims To Have Sunk Hostile Craft— Allied Squadron "Scen."

COPENHAGEN, April 22.—Scandinavian ships crossing the North Sea continue to report the presence of warships, and in spite of all official statements, "something" is believed to have happened.

German ships have lately been seen by many, and to-day the *Politiken* reports the presence of an Anglo-French squadron north of the Jaedens Reef, Norway.—Exchange.

**DASH INTO THE BIGHT.**

AMSTERDAM, April 22.—A Berlin official telegram says:—

The Admiralty staff states that British submarines have recently been repeatedly observed in the Heligoland Bight.

They were attacked by German forces, and a hostile submarine was sunk on the 17th instant. It is probable that other submarines have been destroyed, but this cannot be ascertained with certainty.—Reuter.

**ZEPPELIN FLYING WEST.**

AMSTERDAM, April 22.—The *Nieuws van den Dag* learns from Schiermonnikoog that a Zeppelin passed north of that island this morning going west.—Reuter.

Schiermonnikoog is the Dutch island from which Zeppelins were seen before the Yarmouth raid.

## BRITISH REPULSE TWO ATTACKS NEAR YPRES.

## Definite Failure of Enemy's Violent Onslaughts on Hill 60.

PARIS, April 22.—The French official communiqué this evening says:—

Near Langemarck, to the north of Ypres, the British troops repulsed two attacks.

At Hill 60, near Zwarteleen, the German counter-attacks, whose violence seems explicable by the desire to repair a defeat that has been denied by the official communiqués of the Imperial General Staff, have definitely failed.

The losses of the enemy are higher than the figures indicated yesterday.

In the sector of Rheims there was an artillery duel.

In the Argonne, at Bagatelle, a German attack of no great importance was repulsed.

**CAPTURE OF "THE COW'S HEAD."**

Near St. Mihiel, in the Forest of Apremont, we carried by assault two successive lines of trenches at the place called "The Cow's Head."

"The Cow's Head" formed in our positions a salient which seriously embarrassed us. A very large number of German corpses were left on the ground. We took fifty prisoners.

In Alsace we continued to make progress on both banks of the Fecht.

To the north we hold the confluence of the Fecht, and its left bank affluent the Wurmsa.

To the south we have reached Schliessloch, thus gaining ground towards the east in the direction of Metzger.—Reuter.

PARIS, April 22.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

There is nothing to report since yesterday evening's communiqué.—Reuter.

## TO FORCE KIEL CANAL?

COPENHAGEN, April 22.—I am informed from a German source that preparations and the military activity now going on in Schleswig are with a view to securing the country against the possible landing of British troops with the object of forcing the Kiel Canal.—Exchange Special.

## FACED 20,000 SHELLS IN HOUR AND A-HALF.

## How Gallant French Troops Held Ailly Wood Against Concentrated Gunfire.

PARIS, April 22.—An official note issued to-night deals with the position between the Woerwe and St. Mihiel and the heavy fighting there.

We realised a success, of which our troops have a right to be proud, says the note, in taking a corner of the Ailly Wood.

Here the Germans had organised very powerful entrenchments with three lines of trenches, but we are now in occupation of the whole position.

On April 5 the artillery bombarded the Germans and our aeroplanes dropped torpedoes among them.

Bodies of men, rifles and fragments of earth could be seen hurled into the air above the trenches.

Our heavy shells demolished the emplacements for the enemy's mitrailleurs, and German prisoners state that the bombardment left an impression of anguish and mad terror.

At midday five mine chambers were exploded, annihilating the garrison and causing a panic in the trenches, and our infantrymen then attacked with the bayonet.

## WOOD OF SHATTERED TREES.

The Germans attempted a return action, but the counter-attack was arrested by our guns.

In the evening the attack began again, and the following day, in face of a determined resistance on the part of the enemy, we constructed trenches in the corner of the wood.

The enemy's losses were considerable. The dead in the trenches were heaped up three deep.

On April 8 the German counter-attack again. All the artillery was concentrated for the recapture of the lost ground. On April 7 and 8 we had to repulse eight counter-attacks.

Of Ailly Wood there remain to-day only the broken tree trunks. The last German attack took place on April 8.

Six German companies were annihilated, and the enemy, without infantry, sought to crush the defenders by gunfire. In an hour and a half the Germans fired about 20,000 shells of all calibres on a front of 350 yards, with a depth of 400 yards.

On April 10 we moved to the assault and succeeded in carrying all the positions.—Central News.

## TURK GENERAL'S SUICIDE?

The following statement was issued last night by the Secretary of State for India:—

Latest telegrams from the Persian Gulf show that the defeat of the Turks at Shaiba was even more complete than we had hoped.

Not only have they abandoned motor-cars, guns and ammunition wagons, but independent reports show their retirement to have been a rout, molested by turn-out Arab tribesmen, and there are persistent rumours of the suicide of Suliman Askeri, Commander-in-Chief.

The estimate of enemy casualties from April 12-15 now reaches 6,000.

The Turks in this direction are now all north of Khamsieh, which is more than ninety miles from Basra.

## U PIRATES' SHELLS FOR VICTIMS IN BOAT.

## German Submarine Attacks Aberdeen Trawler in the North Sea.

The Aberdeen trawler *Envoy* has been attacked, it was reported yesterday, by a German submarine in the North Sea.

Fortunately the crew of eight, who took to the small boat, were picked up by the Milford Haven trawler *Fuchsia*, and landed at Aberdeen yesterday.

Captain Smalley, of the *Envoy*, said the submarine was about a mile off when she commenced shelling the trawler. Twenty-five shells were fired in rapid succession.

The trawler's small boat was launched, but even there the fishermen were not safe from the submarine, which fired two shells at it but missed.

No warning was given, and an hour after leaving the *Envoy* the boat was picked up by the *Fuchsia*.

The *Envoy*, which was on the way to the fishing grounds, was an old type of vessel belonging to Thomas Lander, fish salesman.

The submarine, when making the attack, was in full view of the *Envoy's* crew.

**A POOR WEEK'S BAG.**

An Admiralty statement issued last night shows that during the week ended April 21, 1,519 vessels of tonnage of 300 tons entered or left United Kingdom ports, that one British merchant ship of 784 tons was sunk by a submarine, and that one British fishing vessel of 158 tons was sunk or captured.

## GUN DUELS AT 8 MILES.

PETROGRAD, April 22.—A semi-official statement says:—

On April 19 at Ossovetz and in the direction of Lomja and Staviski the two sides took place between the heavy Russian and German batteries.

Our big guns excel in range and efficiency of fire those of the enemy.

One of our batteries silenced a battery of German 8-in. guns.

In the direction of Lomja two enemy batteries suffered heavily, as also did their trains of artillery and ammunition wagons in the region of Staviski and a convoy on the Kolno road.

Thanks to aeroplanes and the long range and rapid fire of our guns we succeeded frequently at a distance of eight miles, in inflicting grave losses on the enemy's reserves, which think they are in security.

In the region of Grodno, in the course of the fighting in February, our artillery bombarded with success the German General Staff in the region of Sopozkin, at a distance of nine miles.—Reuter.

## REPULSED BY THE BAYONET.

PETROGRAD, April 22.—The official communiqué issued to-day says:—

In the Carpathians, during the night of the 20th-21st the Austrians attempted an attack upon the Russian front, Tepeoch Rognina. The enemy were repulsed by bayonet with great loss.—Central News.

## LIMITING DRINKING FACILITIES.

The Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons yesterday that on Wednesday or Thursday next the Chancellor would bring forward proposals for limiting the facilities for drinking.

Another announcement of great importance was that the eagerly-awaited Budget will probably be taken the week after next.

A message from Lord Kitchener was an interesting feature of Mr. Tennant's speech on the Army Estimates.

"Lord Kitchener wishes me to tell the House that the recruiting results during the last few months were most satisfactory and gratifying," said the Under-Secretary for War.

"Lord Kitchener is sure that when the time comes for him to ask for still more men they will be forthcoming."

## HEROES OF HILL 60 WHO SANG AT WORK.

## Officer's Story of Men Who "Ran Like Deer" to Storm Foe's Position.

## MOTOR GUNS' DEADLY WORK.

"As soon as the captain gave the word for us to go forward we went over the parapet of our trench like deer, and right up the hill, the men following up splendidly."

In a vivid description of the British capture of Hill 60 near Ypres, an officer, writing to his father at Liverpool, gives the above glimpse of how the British attack.

"The battle started on Saturday evening," the officer writes in his letter, which is published in to-day's *Liverpool Daily Post* and *Mercury*. "I have come through it all right, and we hold the hill, which is a very important position, but it cost a lot of life."

"This hill, quite a small mound, was about 100 yards in front of our trenches."

"The Engineers had mined the hill. When the first explosion took place you really can imagine the awfulness of it."

**SPADES AND SANDBAGS.**

As soon as the last explosion of the mines had taken place the other battalion were to rush up and hold the top of the hill, and as soon as they were up we, who were waiting in a trench along side them, had to rush up with sandbags and spades to put the position in a state of defence."

I was the leading man of our two companies as my platoon was in the front."

As soon as we were up the hill we started filling sandbags and putting up the parapet."

We had to work till midnight, when we were relieved by our other two companies."

"The men worked like heroes, and some of our chaps were singing as they filled the sandbags."

It was a fine show altogether, and we took over 100 prisoners."

The German guns soon began, and, with theirs and ours, the noise was tremendous."

**DON'T MISS**  
No. 7 of the  
**SUNDAY PICTORIAL**  
BEST AND BRIGHTEST  
SUNDAY  
PICTURE NEWSPAPER

The sky was lit up with bursting shrapnel etc.

When we were relieved at midnight we went back to some dugouts.

"The old 'Jack Johnsons' were bursting a round about the trench I was in. I got the me safely back."

General Smith-Dorrien, who has been down already to congratulate us, read a telegram to us from General French, letting us know of the importance of the position, etc.

## MOTOR GUNS RUSHED UP

"Eye-Witness" in his description issued last night of the capture of Hill 60 says:—

Our effort to gain the point began at 7 p.m. on Saturday, when we fired heavily-charged mines under the German position, blowing up a length of trench with some 150 men manning it, who nearly all perished.

Then, within a few minutes our infantry rushed the craters in the enemy's line and gained possession of some 250 yards length of the latter.

So suddenly was the assault carried out that our troops met with hardly any resistance, and sustained very few casualties, securing fifteen prisoners, amongst whom were two officers.

The Germans shortly afterwards opened heavy fire on the section we had gained, and kept it up throughout the night, but our men held firm, working hard to strengthen the ground they had won and beating off several counter-attacks.

Shortly before seven on Sunday morning the Germans made their real reply.

They assaulted in force, coming on in close formations, and hand-to-hand fighting continued for some time.

At this juncture invaluable service was rendered by some of our motor machine guns, which were rushed to the front and opened fire on the masses coming forward, while our artillery lured their ranks with shrapnel.

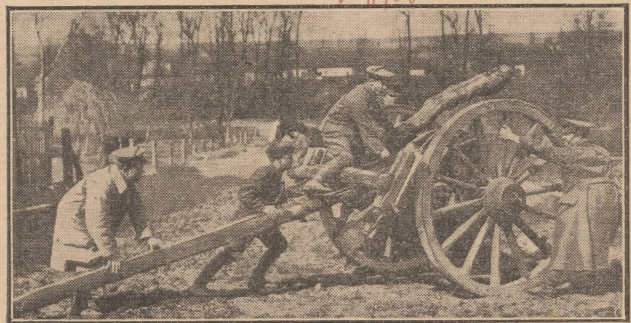
**FOE'S MOMENTARY SUCCESS.**

Throughout the whole of Sunday, the 18th, troops continued to be hurled against our trenches, and once, towards evening, some obtained a footing on the southern edge of the crest.

It was only a momentary advantage, however, for at 6 p.m. our infantry charged with the bayonet, dislodged the Germans from their foothold and secured the whole position.

An hour later the hill was held in strength by us.

Our casualties, as may be expected from the nature of the fighting, were by this time heavy, but the German losses were far greater.



British dummy gun being placed in position "somewhere in France." From a distance it looks just like the real thing.



## IN PEACE AND WAR



In peace time.



In war time.

Coxswain W. Nicholls, of the Penzance lifeboat, one of the youngest coxswains in the kingdom, has just received a commission. He enlisted as a trooper, and has now been promoted.—(Preston.)

## "COME ON, BESS, THEY WANT MORE MEN."



This small boy is very anxious to join the Sportsman's Battalion. He vanished one day, and his mother eventually found him on his way to the camp, which is quite near his home. He did not like being told to wait till he grows up.

## "TRAINING TO BEAT THE DEVIL."



Billy Sunday, the American evangelist, tossing the medicine ball at his home in Indiana. He is about to start another series of revival meetings, and believes in keeping fit "when," as he says, "he is out to beat the devil." He was once a famous baseball player.

## FAIR GIRL RANCHER.



Miss Gertrude Burnett, a girl undergraduate, who is working on a ranch in California. "It is indeed a great life," she says,

## CHILDREN'S BRONCHITIS

and Whooping Cough Quite Cured by Veno's, the All-British Remedy.

Here is the story of a little girl who was so very ill with whooping cough and bronchitis that it was thought she could not recover. But she did recover, quickly, when she got Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. Her mother, Mrs. Langridge, of 301, Windham Road, Springbourne, Bournemouth, says:—"I can never speak too highly of Veno's, for it cured my little Elsie when nothing else could. Poor little maid, she was only a few weeks old when she fell ill, and, though everything possible was done for her, she got worse. She was so very ill at last that she hadn't strength to cough; she just went black in the face, and would have choked had I not been constantly watching. The trouble was bronchitis and whooping cough, and we expected her to die any moment. But when I tried Veno's it was like magic how she recovered. Now, a little over four years of age, she is ever so bright and well."



Elsie Langridge, Bournemouth.

AWARDED GR. NO. 1 PRIZE AND GOLD MEDAL INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, PARIS 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the ideal Home remedy for

**COUGHS AND COLDS** **9 1/2 D.** **ASTHMA**  
**BRONCHITIS** **9 1/2 D.** **NASAL CATARRH**  
**WHOOPING COUGH** **9 1/2 D.** **BAD BREATHING**  
**LUNG TROUBLES** **9 1/2 D.** **OLD AGE COUGHS**  
**SOFT THROAT** **9 1/2 D.** **BLOOD SPITTING**  
and all diseases of Chest, Lungs and Throat.

Price 9d., 1s., 1 1/2d., and 2s. 6d., of all chemists the world over. The 2s. 6d. size is the most economical.

**VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE**

A Cold-Meat-Day dinner can always be made tasty and appetising by having a

**Cakeoma**

PUDDING to follow.

And at this time of high prices, it is most economical.

Send for Free Recipe Book to

LATHAM & Co., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

## SORE FEET

LET Hardcastle's Balm of Gilead relieve you of the torture and suffering caused by sore and tender feet. One application soothes and heals, and daily repetition for a short period altogether cures you of that aching soreness which makes walking a toil instead of a pleasure. Send your soldier friends a box.

HARDCASTLE'S

## BALM OF GILEAD

A Sovereign Balm for every Wound.

FOR CUTS,  
EZEMA,  
PILES,  
BAD EGGS,  
SORE FEET,  
BURNS AND  
ALL SKIN  
TROUBLES.

PAINFUL HEEL.

Kindly send 1s. 1 1/2d. box of your Balm of Gilead. I may say this time salve is the best thing I've ever used. I had a very painful heel, and could hardly walk—after one application it was cured.—W.W.

FREE SAMPLE.

The Proprietors will send you a free sample on receipt of 2d. stamps to cover packing and postage. Write for it to-day, stating your local chemist's name and address, to W. HARDCASTLE & SONS, The Laboratory, STOCKTON-ON-TES.

Sold by Boots', Taylors', and all Chemists and Stores, at 1/4 2s. and 4/6 a box. If you cannot obtain write direct to the Proprietors, enclosing T.O.



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1915.

## FAIR ST. GEORGE.

Our ancient word of courage, fair "St. George."  
—Shakespeare.

SEVERAL of our readers have written to us lately with an old grievance—that St. George is not remembered as he should be in the land of his patronage—that he is not so popular, nor so clear imaginatively to the crowd, as, say, St. Patrick is to Ireland, as even S. Genevieve may be to the more sceptical Parisians, or as St. Denis is to the French. If by "commemoration" and "celebration" they mean to insist upon a national rose day, like that primrose massacre just past, we must confess that we are glad of the oblivion of St. George. But we are by no means glad that the most gallant of saints should fail to keep symbolical hold upon the brains of modern time. Our fathers invented him, constructed his fable; we do not mean that he never existed, but only that his shadowy life, as recognisable in musty records, was by them lifted spiritually to a brave existence of great deeds in the flesh; as suited a race with more taste for action than for thought. And our fathers, having taken all this trouble about him, and he (if you will allow us to put it so) having in return taken much trouble over them, we hope it will not be considered too Ruskinian and sentimental to regret that the slayer of the dragon should be neglected, just when his acknowledged province of action is open to all young Englishmen.

The Englishman of to-day is supposed to have grown out of saints; and certainly he has small sympathy with some of those decapitated and tortured ones he meets, in fragments, on his tours abroad. In his digressive but very delightful book on Calabria a Voltairean Briton, Mr. Norman Douglas, has recently enlarged upon some of these unsavoury saints of the south. One of them whom he mentions, but does not explain, S. Espedito, was, we believe, a packing-case. These aberrations need not destroy, for our colder imaginations, the value of the fighting symbol. King Arthur had St. George on his banners. He is the Garter patron. He is a bold warrior reconciling war with faith—war against evil, with faith in good. All that is extremely pleasant to think of. Even Mr. Norman Douglas will but smile indulgently if we like a saint who slew dragons.

For it would be but a crudely close interpretation of it all if we were to say that dragons don't exist. As if an armed man, having polished off the dragons, need then rest for ever with evil staring at him in new forms! Obviously he must be up and doing while the world lasts, and the dragons of old invest themselves in modern clothes. Their transformation just now has been into Germanic garments—the dragons of Wagner are, oddly enough, the most recent immortal manifestation of the old thing. And more than ever we need the dragon-slayers, therefore, with their long spears and Carpaccio delicacy of wrought armour turned now into the plainer but no less noble cloth and gun of the modern recruit, on his way to meet the Germanic idol and slay it.

St. George, then, is on horseback again, very active at this moment. Let them have their Odin and Thor over there, their fierce tribal gods and their Walhalla. Let them, in the nearer air, be followed by the ghosts of their horrid Fredericks and stern Bismarcks. Our St. George, with no less endurance, shall add beauty to sternness, and shall make war, not only as a strong man, but as a gallant gentleman. W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Which will you do: smile and make others happy; or be crabbed, and make everyone around you miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, and speak pleasant words; there is no joy like that which springs from a kind act, or a pleasant deed; and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.—Marie d'Agoult.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### OFFICIAL MARK TAPLEYS.

WHY DOES "W. M." think Mark Tapleym destructive of "inflexible resolve"? Cheerfulness should keep resolution fresh. The "glorification" "W. M." complains of is due mainly to flaming posters and boastful headlines, not to official forecasts or reports. Lord Kitchener's first forecast suggested that the war might last over three years, and that the Prussians might seize Paris. Mr. Asquith said our "inflexible resolve" might be tested for many years. Why begin to worry now? We have piles of "inflexible resolve"—enough to last twenty years if needed. Mr. Asquith himself has doggedness, and is, per-

worn by our beloved King and his illustrious father, is the true military ideal, though fashion dictates otherwise.  
T. W. RICHARDSON (Lieut.-Colonel).

### A WOMAN'S OPINION.

WILL you allow me to express through the medium of your widely-read paper my opinion that Mr. Asquith's verdict of "no conscription" will be a great blow to the majority? I have been in the midst of large crowds round the hard-working recruiting speakers during the past week and have heard the situation freely discussed. Nearly all declare that we ought to

## A DOMESTIC PROBLEM

Has the War Made Marriage More Difficult for the Bread-Winner?

### "NOT ABLE TO MARRY."

POOR man of thirty! He cannot marry because of the war! That is indeed a calamity for the Empire.

I fancy, though, that many other perhaps less ambitious folk will be able to marry in spite of war—or, indeed, perhaps because of it. What do I mean by that? Simply that this great war has brought a sense of great reality. It has

killed snobbishness. It has everywhere lessened the need for "keeping up appearances." And it was almost entirely this supposed need for "keeping up appearances" that led in England to the long-deferred marriages of our youth. A man of thirty would no doubt have married long ago had it not been for this supposed need. He ought to have married long ago. A young man should be married not a year later than his twenty-fifth birthday.

In my opinion it will, then, be all the easier for us to marry after the war. Everybody will be poorer, and does not that necessarily mean that there will be less need for showing off?

ENGAGED AT TWENTY-FOUR.  
Wandsworth.

HUGE taxes necessitated by the war will certainly make marriage more than ever an impossibility for the middle-classes in this country.

Needless to say, the poor will marry and have as large families as ever. And the middle-classes, as usual, will have to bring up their children. Putney. F. M.

### THE GIRL'S CASE.

I KNOW another whose marriage has been "knocked on the head" by the war, and that is the marriageable girl.

What are we sick-of-business women going to do?

Are we to go on typing for ever and ever?

All our nice men have gone to the front, many of them, alas, never to return, and I, for one, am not going to marry the slacker who stayed at home—even supposing he does not get too particular, through the wide choice of wives left to him, to condescend to ask me.

I suppose, though, we must play the game, and be content to do the man's work in business, if we cannot get a chance to mend his socks at home. R. V.

### EVENINGS AT HOME.

Certainly, "D." we do not want to "watch father snore and mother knit." We want to do something while they are doing that. Picture palaces and the like mean, in the majority of cases, an expenditure of time, energy and money with very little in return.

A hobby is what our happy at home and out of mischief.

Let me recommend some such manual or mental occupation to your correspondent. Harpenden. AMATEUR CARPENTER.

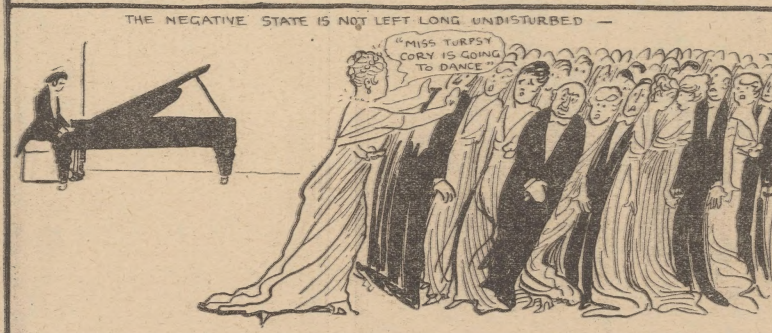
### BEYOND.

Upon the fields of Death  
The little flowers arise,  
As though to mark the roads  
That lead to Paradise.  
That is so near, though seeming far  
As yonder star.

Soft voices fill the air  
And of new joys would tell.  
New joys that wait beyond  
The fields of asphodel.  
That shall fair youth and hope restore  
Forevermore.

When Time has made an end  
Of spectres Death and Pain,  
The small glad things of Life  
Shall come to us again,  
Shall bloom around us friendly wise  
As flowers arise. —MABEL LEIGH.

## GALUMPING: A HORROR THE WAR HAS NOT KILLED



As we pointed out yesterday, there is grave reason to fear that the ghastly amateur mania for "classical" and semi-clothed dancing has survived the seriousness of the war. What this means to society only those who have had experience of it can tell.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

haps, the most astute politician who has ever been Premier, yet these great gifts will be largely rendered fruitless unless he can discover a business manager of genius to organise all the manufacturing and financial resources of the Empire on co-operative and co-partnership lines, disregarding the squeals of doctrinaire political economists, and giving us a permanent Ministry of Commerce to deal with all the business affairs of the country during the war and after it is over. W. H. MITCHELL.

### THE OFFICER'S MOUSTACHE.

A CLEAN-SHAVEN face may be now "typically English," but, if so, so much the worse for England, for it is certainly typically ungodly. God's Word commands, "They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave;" also, to obtain holiness, "There shall no razor come upon his head." Shaving is a foppish, effeminate, fashion-worshipping, time-wasting fad, only military by fashion (which is a feminine perquisite), but most unumilitary in fact and commonsense. The short-trimmed beard with moustache, as

have conscription so that all will be called on alike for military service. I heard one young man remark to the recruiting sergeant that he did not want to fight; he did not want to come home without an arm or leg. Without conscription men like this escape service and survive while their superiors in courage and patriotism fall on the field of battle.

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD.

### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 22.—No low-growing plants; suitable for the rockery or border edges, are more beautiful to-day than the Aubrietias. They remain a picture of beauty for two or three months and are quite easily grown. They look best when massed or when set with white arabis and the bright yellow Alyssum.

Let them be cut well back when their flowers fade, or they may then be divided. Besides the popular purple kinds there are many beautiful named varieties. Fire King (crimson); Dr. Mules (deep violet-purple) and Moerheim (rose) are a lovely trio. E. F. T.



## NEW DRAMA WITH A MURDER MYSTERY.

P. 12670



"See, they are perfect," says Dr. Kreisler to his wife.

Last night Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson produced "The Argyle Case" at the Strand Theatre. The drama, which enjoyed great success in the United States, is written largely round the Bertillon system of finger-prints, by means of which a murder mystery is unravelled. Mr. Terry plays the part of Asche Kayton ("Never Sleep Kayton"), the head of a detective agency, and Mr. C. W. Somerset is Dr. Frederick Kreisler. Miss Neilson is his wife, and Miss Nell Carter Mary Masuret. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## SOMETHING NEW

In Colour and



"I will never go to prison again," says Dr. Frederick Kreisler.

P. 12670



Miss Nell Carter and Mr. Fred Terry.



New veil and new sunshade shown at Marshall's. An under-brim of white.

## MAKING HAND GRENADES.

P. 17236



Old tobacco this time is very handy at the front, as they are largely used by the engineers in the making of hand grenades. They are seen "mixing medicine" for the Germans.

## TWO D.C.M.'S.

P. 17236



Corporal J. Jennings helped to erect wire entanglements under fire.



Serjt. F. Marchant carried messages over ground swept by shell fire.

## THE OTTER HUNTING SEASON BEGINS: FE

Sept. 19

Sept 19



Coming to earth after a jump.



The whip and her hounds wait.

Though hunting is still being carried on in its various forms, there are few men left to enjoy the sport, as nearly all of them are chasing bigger game in France and Flanders, and when the Crowhurst Otter



## SUNSHADES.



ve's. The sailor hat is of black satin, with  
(Photograph Francois.)

## OFFICER'S WIFE GETS MANY RECRUITS.

P. 17237

P. 17237



Mrs. Page seated at the wheel of her motor-car.

P. 17237



Handing a bill to a likely recruit.



Mrs. Page leads the way during a recruiting march.

Three hundred men are wanted at once to complete the 3rd Battalion of the Queen Victoria Rifles. The battalion has a splendid recruiting sergeant in Mrs. Page, wife of the adjutant, who spends all her time beating up men. She has been most successful, and never misses a likely man. Her car is always at the head of the battalion when it is out on a route march, and she often breaks away to tour the side streets in search of likely material.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## LEFT TO TAKE PART IN THE SPORT.

Sat. 19



Negotiating difficult country.

wn a pretty Sussex lane.  
ands met for the first time this season at Hartfield Bridge the majority of the followers were women.  
en the whip was of the gentler sex.

## A MAJOR.

P. 3426 D



Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson, granted military rank equivalent to major.

P. 17256



Dr. John Rae, the well-known author and journalist, who has died.—(Russell.)

## ADMIRAL IN KHAKI.

P. 333 B



Lord Charles Beresford was wearing khaki when he reviewed the Portsmouth Volunteer Training Corps. We are more accustomed to see him wearing admiral's uniform.



### "A case for Wincarnis"



### New Health for the Weak & Ailing

#### Health that increases every day

What a blessing new health would be to you who are Weak, or Anæmic, or "Nervy," or "Run-down"—how splendid to feel your new health increasing every day—and to realize that you need suffer no more.

That is what 'Wincarnis' means to you. From the first wineglassful, 'Wincarnis' creates a definite degree of new health, new strength, new blood, and new nerve force. Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. And each additional wineglassful of

## WINGARNIS

taken as directed, gives you an increasing degree of new health—that is, each additional wineglassful benefits you more, in proportion, than the previous one. Because 'Wincarnis' is progressive in its effect. And as you derive more benefit from each succeeding wineglassful, so the second bottle of 'Wincarnis' creates twice as much benefit in proportion to the first bottle. That is why 'Wincarnis' makes you feel so well so quickly—and so speedily surcharges your whole system with new life. It is also the reason why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.' Knowing that, you surely will not continue to remain Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down"—or a martyr to Indigestion—or to suffer from that terrible

### Influenza Weakness

Take advantage of the new health 'Wincarnis' offers you. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try it to-day?

### Begin to get well—FREE

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

## Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W253, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

D. Mirror.  
Apl. 23/15.

### PERSONAL.

WHAT.—S. W. Write Conscience, 25, Brushfield-st. HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Euston-st. W.

\* \* \* The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 10d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bonville-st., London.

### WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ANY kind old false teeth bought on Vulcanite, Silver, Gold, Platinum; big prices paid.—Bell's, Ltd., Leeds. ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London. The Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or after made; call or post; Est. 100 years. ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; on vulcanite, up to 6s. 6d. per tooth; silver, 10s.; gold, 12s. 6d.; platinum, 21 15s.; immediate cash or offers.—Call or post, mentioning "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Paget, 219, Oxford-st., London. Est. 150 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) wanted, any kind; up to 6s. each pinned tooth on vulcanite, 10s. 6d. on silver, 14s. on gold, 36s. on platinum; cash or offers unsolicited elsewhere by return of post; goods returned post free if necessary.—J. Rayburn, 5030 City (mention D.M.).

CASH by Return for old Jewellery, artificial teeth (any condition), watches, silver and plated articles, curios.—Stanley and Co., 35, Oxford-st., London, W.

CASH OFF Clothing—Uniforms, Jewellery, etc.; best prices; buyers attend after; cash by return for parcels.—Messrs. 36, Notting Hill-gate, W. Phone 1845 Park.

COMBINGS Purchased, 6d.—2s. per oz., value by P.O.—29, Crookham-rd., Fulham, S.W.

GENT'S Ladies' Left-off Clothes; old false teeth; good prices.—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.

### ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired. Call or write, Secs., 234, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5559.

### ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

A CUTLERY Service, 50 pieces, 25s.; A 1 silver-plated spoons and forks; finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding outfit; everything req.; perfectly new; approval willingly.—Mrs. Bontell, 56, Second-ave, Manor Park, Essex.

BABY Cars from Factory on approx. carriage paid; no shop profits; cash or easy payments; write for lovely catalogue, post free, and save money.—Godiva Carriage Co. (Dept. 35), Coventry.

CHINA Earthenware.—Largest, cheapest, best-assorted crates, from 16s.; special lines for 6d. bazaars; illustrative lists free.—Globe Pottery Co., Stoke-on-Trent. CORE Hano at wholesale prices. "Kompresor" (registered); Ward's Compressed Cork Lino; 5yds. by 4yds., equal A, 15s. 6d.; qual B, 13s. 6d.; other sizes in proportion.—Write Desk 5 for coloured design booklet and samples free. Ward's Furnishings Stores, Seven Sisters Corner, South Tottenham (Phone Tottenham 1632). Delivery free 21 and over.

### MARKETING BY POST.

BACON. In sides or half-sides, splendid Meat; sides of about 48 to 50lb.—unsmoked 9d. per lb., smoked 9d. per lb.; Half-sides—shoulder end, unsmoked 9d., smoked 9d.; Boneless Straps, about 12lb.—unsmoked 9d., smoked 9d.; all carriage paid; hams, lard, and all pig products; full list on application.—The Longfield Bacon Factory, Frowbridge, Wiltshire. GAME Game! Game!!—4 Partridges, 3s. 6d.; 2 Pheasants, 4s. 9d.; 5 Hare Hen, 3s. 9d.; 5 Chickens 5s. 9d.; Pheasant and 3 Partridges, 5s.; Large Hare and 3 Partridges, 5s.; Hare and Pheasant, 5s.; 4 Quail, 5s. 3d.; 2 Chickens and 3 Partridges, 5s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores, Ltd., 270 and 281, Edgeware-rd., London, W.

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS.—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month; carriage paid; catalogue free.—Boyd, Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

DUNKARDS dried quickly, secretly; cost trifling; free.—Carlton Chemical Co., 529, Birmingham.



"The Rudge did excellent service—not once did it leave me in the lurch."

(Extract from miniature newspaper, "The Rudge War Record.")

The invariable reliability of the Rudge Multi reflects the experience of more than 45 years spent in building bicycles and motor bicycles. The flexibility of the Multi gear is a revelation to all who try it for the first time. Rudges for use at the Front have been supplied, not only to our own War Office, but in large quantities to the Governments of the Allies.

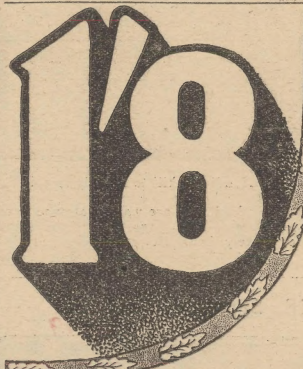
Send for the 1915 Catalogue and a free copy of "The Rudge War Record."

Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., Dept. 403, Coventry.

LONDON DEPOTS:  
230, Tottenham Court Road (Oxford Street end), W. 23, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

# Rudge Multi

R301



## The Best Tea Value ever Offered!

With prices going up everywhere, the public will be glad to know that our famous

# CEYLON & INDIAN TEA

is still to be bought at the same old price, **1/8 per lb.** Full and delicious flavour—economical in use. Try it!

Sold at all Branches of the

# HOME & COLONIAL

STORES LIMITED



# RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war. What did they give him his manhood for?"

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON**, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become

**SONIA MARKHAM**, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

**LADY MERRIAM**, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

**FRANCIS MONTAGUE**, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps because of an accident.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON** is doing in his club-room. Just lately his lady serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions.

A minstrel waiting to leave the matter out with Montague in the latter's rooms he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight Richard has been in active service.

A week or two later he returns wounded, but not badly.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she learns the truth. It is brought home to her more and more that Sonia has really cared for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling at a nurse—Nurse Anderson—and as the train moves out she realises that she is fighting for his life in a perfect inferno.

Chatterton hears the stunning news that Sonia is married to Montague. He tries to put the whole thing from him. In a terrible struggle, in which shrapnel is falling like rain, he sees a wounded officer trying to crawl to safety. With a bound Richard Chatterton is out of the trench and racing to him.

In the face of incredible difficulties he rescues him. Then he deliberately goes back again and brings in Carter, his old valet. He just reaches the trench when he collapses, badly wounded.

In London the news is published that Chatterton is dead, but that he was awarded the V.C. first. Montague insults Chatterton's memory, and Sonia, realising that she cannot possibly marry him, runs away. She has barely gone when Jardine bursts in with the great news that Chatterton is after all.

Old Jardine has a stormy scene with Montague when the latter is told about Sonia running away. He more staggered when he hears that Chatterton is not dead.

At Victoria Station, where Sonia has vaguely been, she runs into him. She is told the wonderful news that Richard is alive. But the heart is taken out of her joy by the astounding fact that the pretty nurse is wearing Richard's ring.

Sonia finds sanctuary in the lodgings of a former old servant, Mrs. Simpson. She tells Sonia that her husband is not dead, and that he is in a base hospital sorely wounded, turns round to see old Jardine standing at his bedside. The latter tells him the wonderful news that Sonia is not married after all.

Old Jardine receives an urgent recall from Lady Merriam, who tells him the sensational news that Montague has carried Sonia off with him in his car!

## THE SEARCH.

OLD Jardine stared at Lady Merriam for a moment without speaking. Then he cleared his throat twice, very loudly.

Lady Merriam made an impatient gesture. "I wish you wouldn't make that noise! It doesn't help at all. Say something! Suggest something! I am at my wits' end! If Montague has got hold of Sonia—"

"My dear," said old Jardine. "We're living in civilised times, not in the days of melodrama. Girls are not dragged to the altar nowadays by the villain of the piece against their will. Personally, I don't believe a word of this woman's story. Sonia had done with Montague when she left here, or she would never have gone. The girl is not cool. Who is this Simpson woman, or whatever her name is, I should like to know? And where can I see her?"

"I've got her address. I went to the house myself at once—I make sure that the whole thing wasn't spoof. She seems genuine enough, but very afraid of her husband, who apparently is hand in glove with Montague. There is not the least doubt that it was he who told him where Sonia was—who put up the whole thing. . . . And good heavens, George! when did you shave last?"

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Old Jardine frowned. "Never mind that," he said. "I'll never shave again if anything has happened to that child. A pretty story this for me to tell Dick Chatterton! I left him in a state of ferment. I had to tell him you had sent for me to come back, and it was impossible to pretend that it wasn't anything serious. As a matter of fact, he went straight to the target—said he knew something had happened to Sonia—said he'd had some dream! A lot of rubbish, of course; but there's no accounting for a man when he's in love or a woman either."

"I firmly believe in dreams," asserted her ladyship flatly. "I dreamt last night that the Kaiser was dead; I only hope to Heaven it comes true!"

"It wouldn't make the least difference to the war if he were, if that's what you're thinking. But we're wasting time. I'm going round to see this woman whatever her name is. Are you coming with me?"

"Am I? Why, of course I am!"

But Mrs. Simpson could add nothing to what she had already told Lady Merriam. She seemed very upset; she wept copious tears beneath old Jardine's stern cross-examination. She declared that she loved the very ground Sonia trod; she said she would rather have died than allow a hair of her head to be hurt; and added that her husband was furious with her for having gone to Lady Merriam at all.

"Montague's paid him; I can understand it very well," said Lady Merriam tartly. "A man will do anything for money. Well, George, she looked at Jardine—"now what do you propose to do?"

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"That's the last I've heard, sir," she protested. "But Mr. Montague often goes off for days together in his car, and we never hear a word from him till he comes back again."

Old Jardine looked grave when he once more rejoined Lady Merriam.

"I shall call in the police," her ladyship declared. "They ought to be able to find out something enough; his cars are well known, and so is he—they say he's got dozens of endorsements on his driving licence. It ought to be an easy matter to trace him—bright yellow his cars are."

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## "FOLLOW THAT CAR!"

SONIA was going down the stairs on her way out of the house when she heard the sound of a car drawing up in the street, and the next moment the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Simpson had retreated; she did not really for a moment expect to see Montague when the door opened, but a horrible feeling of fatalism swept through her when above Mrs. Simpson's head she met the gaze of his dark eyes.

A little quiver crossed his face, but he came forward to greet her composedly enough.

"I heard you were here," he said. "I am glad I am in time to see you."

Mrs. Simpson had retreated; she was not quite happy in her own mind; she left the door of the kitchen ajar.

Montague was clever when occasion necessitated; he took refuge now in the most disarming candour.

"Simpson works for me—perhaps you know; it was he who told me you were here. I went down to Burvale last night hoping to find you there."

"She stopped, drawing in his breath hard. Sonia broke in impulsively.

"It's no use, Francis—it isn't the least use. I am sorry if you are hurt, but I can't—I can't marry you."

"That isn't what has brought me here. It's been a hard knock, I own, but . . . well, I'm not the first man who has had to take it. It's bit his lip savagely. "That isn't why I am here; I have some bad news for you."

She was thrown off her guard instantly; she let her little suite case fall to the floor; she gave a cry of distress.

"Oh, what is it?"

In an instant she had thought of Chatterton. Had Nurse Anderson been mistaken, and was he dead, after all? And yet—Montague would not be likely to seek her out to tell her that.

"Lady Merriam?" she asked the question agitatedly. Montague nodded.

"She is very ill," she said dreadfully upset by your running away. Mr. Jardine came round to me yesterday morning. He seemed—he seemed to think I might know where you had gone."

"It was absurd, of course, seeing that it was to avoid me you left the hotel; but that is neither here nor there. . . . I have come to take you back to her."

"But she was quite well when I left—oh, how selfish of me! Of course, I will come at once." There were tears in Sonia's voice; she was completely taken in by so plausible a story; she blamed herself bitterly.

Montague broke in gravely.

"I am afraid we shall have to hurry."

Sonia bade Mrs. Simpson a hurried good-bye; she gave no reason for her going; Mrs. Simpson knew nothing of Lady Merriam; in less than ten minutes she and Montague were driving away together.

Sonia hardly spoke; she was lost in her own bitter thoughts; how much trouble she had caused to her friends, even to this man beside her, and yet apparently he had forgiven her—apparently he cherished no bitterness against her.

She stole a look at him; his face was very pale, almost expressionless; impulsively she turned a little towards him.

"Francis . . . you are not angry with me? You do understand? It's all been a mistake—just a foolish mistake. We—we can still be friends, can't we? You do understand?"

He looked round then, and the fierce passion

Continued on page 11.

## MOTHER! IF YOUR CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED,

If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Bilious, and the Stomach Out of Order, Give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative to-day saves a bilious child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste: then the liver grows sluggish, and the stomach is disordered.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, with tainted breath, restless, doesn't eat heartily, or has a cold, sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is a perfectly harmless dose, and in a few hours all this constipation, poison, sour bile and fermenting waste-matter will gently move out of the bowels, and you will have a healthy, playful child again. A thorough "internal cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." All leading chemists sell California Syrup of Figs at 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Refuse substitutes.—(Advt.)

## IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAINS IN THE STOMACH

or any Liver or Bowel complaint, go at once to your chemist and ask for a supply of Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills—the greatest family remedy known to science. These wonderful little pills cost you only 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 6d. per box, but they immediately correct your trouble and make you feel as healthy as you wish. If there is any trouble with your Digestive organs you can be sure that this famous remedy will effect a permanent cure.—Dr. Charles Rooke, Ltd. (Dept. 33), 10, Darling-ton-street, Leeds.—(Advt.)



To those who are looking for the finest value money can buy in furniture—Dewdney's Book of Bargains, "G," it makes exciting reading for those who are hunting for furniture bargains. Every page is full of bargain offers honestly illustrated, described and priced.

## SPECIMEN VALUE



**THIS HANDSOME SETTEE SUITE**, Upholstered in Rich Velvet. Art Colours to customers' selection, consisting of full-size settee, 2 Easy and 2 Small Chairs, 4 Chippendale finish frames. Price **£7 7 0**  
**SUBSTANTIAL 2-SEATER**, Upholstered in Rich Velvet. Art Colours to customers' selection, consisting of large size Wardrobe with drawer under Dressing Chest, Washstand and Chair, well finished and fitted. Price **£6 19 6**  
**MASSIVE** sideboard, brass Buxton Plates, splendid finish and fittings, handsomely carved, in stock. Price **£3 9 6**

## DOWNINGS THE CASH HOUSE

(Right opposite Elephant & Castle Bankers Station.)



## Youthfulness and Beauty

are the natural results of using only Ven-Yusa Creme de Luxe. There are active elements in Ven-Yusa which, directly the cream touches the cuticle, have a far-reaching tonic and beautifying effect. Ven-Yusa dispels that "tired" look and brings to the complexion a rare bloom and freshness that mean personal joy and the envy of your friends. Ven-Yusa is the

## OXYGEN FACE CREAM.

1, of Chemists, or C.E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.





Colonel Arthur Lee, M.P.

**Cheerful Colonel Lee.**

There is something very cheerful about that letter from Colonel Arthur Lee, M.P., to his constituents in South Hampshire, which the papers published yesterday. There are many people who consider Colonel Lee one of the first military critics of the day, and

when he says that he feels optimistic I think we have reason to be glad. But he rubs in that old, old cry, "More shells, more men."

**An Amateur Actor.**

Somewhat, one does not nowadays associate Colonel Arthur Lee with such a frivolous thing as amateur theatricals, yet he was at one time the keenest of drawing-room actors. When he was professor of military strategy and tactics in Canada he was always getting up amateur "shows," and working hard at them, too. He is at the front now as an assistant-adjutant-general, and he is one of the "tipped certainties" for a post in the next Unionist Government.

**What Happens.**

They tell me that that classic ditty, "Get out and get under," is forbidden in Germany now. The Kaiser thinks it is too pointed a reference to the High Canal Fleet.

**Queen Mary's Home for Convalescents.**

I heard a good deal yesterday from a grateful soldierman of the glories and comforts of life at Queen Mary's Home at Cimiez, where officers who have been wounded may pass the convalescent stage before returning to active duty. The home is a part of the Grand Hotel at Cimiez, a splendidly situated building with choice gardens, and overlooking the Bay of Nice.

**Presented a Train.**

Lady Michelham is largely interested in this excellent institution, and her husband is the donor of the splendidly equipped ambulance train, No. 14, which the Queen and Princess Mary inspected the other day at Victoria Station.

**Music and Motoring.**

Whether at their beautiful house in Prince's Gate, or as chateaine of historic Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, Lady Michelham is a charming hostess. She shares with her husband a taste for music, and has often introduced a new artist at her musical afternoons in Prince's Gate. Lady Michelham drives her own 60-h.p. car, by the way, and drives it well, too.

**"Tommy" in France.**

I have some more news for you about the next number of the *Sunday Pictorial*. As well as Mr. Bottomley's article, which I mentioned yesterday, there is a very brilliant one by Mr. John N. Raphael on "Tommy Atkins" in France. Mr. W. L. George is writing on "The Next Great War," and Mr. Austin Harrison discusses the censorship problem.

**Cheery War Menu.**

A Belgian soldier friend sends me the following menu of a dinner given by the 14th Company Belgian Pioneers at Leysele, a point not far from the fighting line:—

Potage de l'Yser.  
Saumon d'Angleterre. Sauce Roi Albert.  
Roast beef à la Kitchener.  
Crouettes Russes.  
Civet de lièvre à la légioise.  
Gâteaux Joffre.  
Fruits Serbes.  
Dessert d'Ypres.  
Cafe. Liqueurs. Vins. Champagne.  
Cigares. Lord Ashton.

**How to Pick Up English.**

The banquet was in honour of Sub-Lieutenant Buggenhout, who has just been decorated by King Albert for conspicuous bravery, and by way of table music the German guns kept up a continuous roar. The same friend writes me that he is getting the *Sunday Pictorial* with only a couple of days' delay, and that his company is using it for English exercises.

**Offer Refused.**

From a local newspaper in a wild and woolly western town in America:—"An Indian came into our office Saturday and offered us seven ponies and a pair of moccasins for our lady compositor. We hadn't the nerve to cheat even an Indian, so we spurned the offer." How unkind!

**Unanswered Questions—No. 1.**

At the Tottenham Police Court yesterday. Clerk (to man summoned for his rates): "What is your nationality?" Man: "I used to be a German."

**No War Song.**

With the war nearly nine months old, it seems strange to me that no real war song should have yet been produced. Of course, there is "Tipperary," but that dates from pre-war days. I hear the usual crowd of the "Gallant-sailor-boys—lads-in-khaki" type of song at the music-halls, but no one particular song seems to have caught the public taste.

**Please Don't.**

But please, dear patriotic amateur song-wright readers, do not construe this as an invitation to send me songs for criticism. I am not a song critic, and I have received so many patriotic songs since the war broke out.

**Famous "Soldiers of the Queen."**

Of all modern patriotic songs, I suppose none had such a vogue as Leslie Stuart's "Soldiers of the Queen." Before its first great boom had finished the South African War came along and revived it to an even greater



Miss May Leslie Stuart.

liveliness. I wonder if Mr. Leslie Stuart has another "winner" among the new songs he has written for his daughter, Miss May Leslie Stuart's new variety venture.

**Not Looking.**

A friend in Athens writes me an account of the Greek Independence Day celebrations at the beginning of the month. "Two German officers, looking very magnificent in white uniforms and steel helmets, passed into the cathedral, saluting the Greek officers who were grouped on the steps," he said. "But a large number of these officers seemed to be looking the other way at the moment, or so it seemed to me, but possibly I am prejudiced."

**Friar Marcus's Trial.**

"Friar Marcus beaten in a trial" was the unpleasant news received yesterday afternoon. I hear, however, that it was more of an "eye-opener" than a trial that the King's Guineaes colt was given at Newmarket, and that his chances of winning the first classic race of the season next Wednesday are by no means minimised.

**Recruiting Pass-Out Cheques.**

Unbeaten as a two-year-old, Friar Marcus was the juvenile champion of last season, and nothing in the royal stable should be capable of even extending him in a real trial. By the way, at Epsom on Tuesday, I am told, the pass-out cheques from the grandstand bore the words "Friar Marcus" on both sides; on Wednesday they gave another tip: "Enlist."

**Bernhardt's Autograph.**

A man I know was unpleasantly disillusioned last week. He had in his possession an autograph letter from General von Bernhardt, and fondly supposed that at the present moment it might have a special intrinsic value to collectors of such things.

**Cheap Enough.**

Only twelve guineas was paid for the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's orchid "Odontoglossum Inseleyi Splendens," writes a correspondent. Why, the name alone is worth the money.

**A Sailor Recruiter.**

One of our sailormen in the Grand Fleet, a man who hails from Macroom, the town of Michael O'Leary, V.C., has written some swinging verses about that hero that are being used on recruiting posters in Ireland. The poster concludes: "Follow the example of Michael O'Leary, V.C., and join an Irish regiment to-day." And I hear they are doing it fast.

**Not Enough.**

But I hear that Daniel O'Leary, Michael's father, is almost disappointed in his son. According to a correspondent, O'Leary's father was interviewed and asked if he was surprised at his son's bravery. He replied: "I am surprised he didn't do more. I often laid out twenty men myself with a stick coming from Macroom Fair, and it is a bad trial of Mick that he could kill only eight, and he having a rifle and bayonet." How's that for the proper spirit?

**Frock Coats Returning.**

Is the frock coat returning to favour? A Regent-street tailor was telling me yesterday that the morning coat is rapidly losing its popularity and that the frock coat is once more gaining its old place as "the" coat for state occasions. But the 1915 "frockier" is not that appalling garment immortalised on so many London statues of statesmen.

**The Correct Thing.**

The new frock coat, so far as I could understand the tailor, is "built on graceful, flowing lines, without a crease or sign of heaviness." The collar is small and only one button at the waist is the correct thing. He mentioned that Mr. Neil Primrose, one of the best-dressed men in the House, wore a flawless frock coat at his wedding.

**A Kitchener Man.**

A first-class Kitchener man is, I see, the latest of those who are "back to the Army again." This is Sir Percy Girouard, who was Kitchener's right hand man in the march to Khartum. He is a railway genius, a blend of French imagination and Canadian push and go, who was chosen in the very early age of thirty to be director of the Sudan railways. While Kitchener managed the fighting young Girouard laid that great Nile railway to Khartum.

Sir Percy Girouard.

**"Come Back."**

In that campaign Sir Percy had the reputation of being the one man in Egypt who could and would "stand up" to Kitchener. The story goes that on one occasion he told the War Lord that certain work could not be done in time. Kitchener insisted that the work must be ready. Girouard, without a word, resigned and went back to Cairo. When he got there a telegram from his chief awaited him. It ran: "Come back." Girouard returned and had his own way.

**Poor Sir Walter.**

The Wizard of the North has suffered many things at the hands of the youthful examinee. Here is the latest in schoolboy impressions of Sir Walter Scott, which I was shown yesterday.

**May We Feel the Same.**

"Walter Scott was a great poet. He was a lawyer, but people loved him. When he was dying he felt it coming on, so he wrote sum touching lines which he meant for himself. The way was long, the wind was cold, The minstrel was infernal old. O may we all feel the same when death catches hold of us." This, I think, is nearly as good as the old "howler"—"Sir Walter Scott had a son named Wha Hae who bled with Wallis." THE RAMBLER.

## TO-DAY'S TOILET HINTS

A RARE COLLECTION OF BEAUTY HINTS FROM NEAR AND FAR—HOME RECIPES.

### Getting Rid of Feminine Moustaches.

"Practical Suggestions."

To women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pheninol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin.

### How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

"Home Talents."

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only draw-back is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed ½ lb. packages, which retail at half a crown. However, as this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end.

### Blackheads, Oily Pores, etc.

A unique new method instantly removes and corrects them.

The new sparkling face-bath treatment rids the skin of blackheads, oiliness and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stymol tablet, obtained from the chemists, in a glass of hot water, and after the resulting effervescence has subsided dab the affected portions of the face freely with the liquid. When you dry the face you will find that the blackheads come right off on the towel, the large pores contract and efface themselves and the greasiness is all gone, leaving the skin smooth, soft and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times at intervals of several days in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

### Grey Hair Unnecessary.

A simple, old-fashioned home-made lotion that will restore the colour of youth.

One need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to a natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple, old-fashioned and perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure from your chemist an ounce of tannalite concentrate and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. Apply this to the hair a few times with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually darkening to the desired shade. The lotion is pleasant, not sticky or greasy, and does not injure the hair in any way.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(ADVT.)







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## EARL AND HIS COACHMAN IN THE RANKS. P. 196



The Lyne Company of the Chertsey Volunteer Training Corps, of which the Earl of Meath is a member. So is his coachman, who is marked (A). The section commander is Mr. E. E. Summers, the workhouse master (B). In the circle is Lord Meath. — (Daily Mirror and Lafayette.)

## STAGE AND ARMY WEDDING. P. 104



Miss Miriam Clements, who is to be married to-morrow to Major Walker-Leigh (second in command of the 17th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers and formerly of the Gordon Highlanders). He is seen in the circle. The bride-elect is well known in the theatrical world.

### A GIRL OLIVER. P. 2409 Q



Miss Mavis Yorke, the little actress and dancer who is playing the name part in "Oliver Twist."

### PATRIOTIC CONCERT P. 1064



Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, who will sell programmes at to-morrow's patriotic concert.

### NEW LYRIC PLAY. P. 985 R



Miss Frances Dillon, who will appear in one of the principal parts in "On Trial" at the Lyric Theatre.

## MAORIS PERFORM THEIR WAR DANCE IN THEIR CAMP NEAR CAIRO. P. 426



Before leaving for an unknown destination, the Maoris gave an exhibition of their war dance before Sir Henry MacMahon at the New Zealand camp near Cairo. In

addition, one of the warriors recited folklore in English, and the picture illustrates the scene and shows the audience of soldiers in the background.